ANNA TRIUMPHANS.

A

Congratulatory

POEM

ON THE

PEACE.

Fœlix quæ Pace ac leni Moderamine vincit
Plus, quam Fulmineis Armis, & Marte feroci.
Et Pace, & Bello insignis ——

LONDON,

Printed for R. GOSLING at the *Mitre* and *Crown* against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleet-street*, MDCCXIII.

Anna Triumphans.

WHILST Heav'n alone, which laid the proſp'rous Train
Of glad Succeſs through all Her Happy Reign,
Whilſt only He, who Sov'raign Hearts inſpires,
And crown'd Her Head, has crown'd Her Bleſt Deſires,
Illuſtrious *ANNE* my grateful Vows ſhall have,
Beneath thoſe Shades Her Royal Bounty gave.

When *BRITAIN*'s Sons did Martial Thunder roll,
And ſhake th' admiring Earth from Pole to Pole,
Amazing Actions quite ov'rwhelm'd the Senſe,
Silence in Wonder was our Eloquence.
Above the Size of Human Faith they grew
(Such was their Greatneſs, and the Number too)
Whilſt Hoſtile Nations fatal Loſſes griev'd,
And dearly felt what others ſcarce believ'd.
But now *BRITANNIA* boaſts her Honour more,
From PEACE reſtor'd, than dreaded *Arms* before;
Around She ſpreads her mild indulgent Beams,
And cools thoſe Sores with ſoft refreſhing Streams;
Happy each Way, conſummately She knows
The Art of Fighting, or Uniting Foes.

Stern *Caledonia* chill'd in Northern Skies,
A thouſand wooing Efforts cou'd deſpiſe,
Of Labouring Monarchs, whilſt the Pained Powers
Rival'd each other in their vain Amours;
But caught with ſudden and reſiſtleſs Flame,
Vow'd all Her paſt Denials to diſclaim,
Herſelf ov'rcome, yet conq'ring as She came,
Hail! Myſtic Emblem of the War's deceaſe,
O Fair, Prophetic Type of coming PEACE!

Long

Long Lines of Kings enroll'd we boaſt and ſhow,
Each had his Conqueſts, each a Laurel Brow,
We never felt a Sov'raign Power till now;
Whoſe healing Influence taught th' ill-boding State,
Such Union form'd, *BRITANNIA*'s truly Great.
BRITANNIA, tho' divided, ſafe She ſtands,
(As the Sweet *Maro* Sings) from other Lands,
Divided in her ſelf, might eas'ly fall,
A Victim to that Strength, which fear'd by all,
Labour's her own inglorious Funeral.

But ſay, Celeſtial Muſe, declare the Cauſe,
You, which Survey all Nature's Secret Laws,
And various Revolutions that have been
E're ſince the Earth's ſtupendious Origin,
Paint the black Offspring of immortal Rage,
Which groaning Lands in Tragic Wars engage,
Who form'd to Slay, and furious to Oppreſs,
Wiſh the whole World a barb'rous Wilderneſs,
Direct Reverſe to Peaceful Heav'n and You,
Juſt Heav'n Ordains ev'n theſe to have their Due.

Nor ſpare blind Zealots which Diſſentions make,
Eſpouſing Party but for Party's Sake,
Who Damning Faction into Faction run,
And dreſs the Bug-bear Shapes they'd ſeem to ſhun;
Tell whence the flagrant Luſt and Crimes of ſome,
Impatient to Betray their Native Home,
Spirited ariſe, and what's their final Doom?
Attentive *Seers* from You ſuch Viſions take,
Nor *A------y* then a wrong Record ſhall make.

Amidſt deep Shades, and dark Abodes of Night,
Where ſcreeching Demons ſpread their horrid Flight,
And vengeful Fire ſupplies the baniſht Light,
Arch-Warriours fell; Gigantic, as for Height,
No leſs for Sins prodigious Mountain Weight,
Affecting what wou'd Earth and Heav'n devour,
Rebellion firſt, and then Republic Pow'r.
Urg'd there with Pain, and raving in Deſpair,
They Curſe both what they've been, and what they are,
Whilſt ſtill new Crimes new Puniſhments prepare.
That Monſter Rebel-Race are hammering ſtill,
To vex theſe upper Worlds, and thwart their Sov'raign's Will.
If ſome auſpicious Prince, appears by Birth
And Virtue both, fit Vice-Roy for the Earth,

Like

Like Martyr'd *CHARLES*, or *ANNA* Heav'n's Ally,
(Diſtinguiſh'd Friends to CHURCH and MONARCHY)
Infernal Traytors feel th' Antipathy.
As the fair Fame of His Great Deeds returns,
The *Stygian* Lake's redoubled Fury burns;
Hot *Phlegethon* hurls Ominating Stones,
Wild Rage, Convulſions, Ejulations, Groans
Reſound harſh hideous Noiſe from Troubled Ghoſts,
Which Howling paler ſtand along the Coaſts,
Like Hopeleſs Priſoners, whom Fear and Shame
Had oft Rebuk'd, yet never overcame;
Reduc'd to ſome dark Subterranean Cell,
(A fit Preſage and Image too of Hell)
With baleful Looks, and loud enormous Cries,
They dread the Coming of the near Aſſize;
Arraign each other, and their Trials o'er,
Each others Faults upbraid, and Fate deplore,
Then mingle All one Univerſal Roar;
Th' Infernal Vault with ſuch dire Clamour rings,
To hear of Righteous Acts from Righteous Kings.

Cerberean *Ætna* and *Veſuvius* owe
Thundring Volcanoes to theſe Funds below;
Whoſe Sulph'rous Streams in Ruddy Meteors riſe,
Vainly to Mock, and to Bombard the Skies,
Still Apeing *Fights*, Aſſailing *Victories*.
Did'nt Fate (in Realms beneath ſuch Uſe obtains)
Confine their Prince with Adamantine Chains,
Thoſe Powers let looſe, in warp'd Confuſion furl'd,
Heav'n's Spheres wou'd melt, and World fall heap'd on World,
Whilſt lawleſs Flames ſhou'd *Mars* Himſelf amaze,
And fire cold *Saturn*'s Ice into a Blaze.

Inſpir'd from hence, Lewd Nations did begin,
T' involve themſelves in Military Sin:
Curs'd *Cain* himſelf, a Demi-World, defil'd
One wretched Part, when t'other Part he ſpoil'd,
And current Times in endleſs Wars embroil'd.
Myſterious Weapon! Iron, Wood, or Stone;
But Happier Secret was Thy killing Art unknown!
If Clanks of Arms, cleaving Funeral Cries,
At mighty Numbers Slain; if Mother's Sighs,
Inteſtine Scuffle, Storms of Party-Strife,
(The ſad Lugubrious Scenes of Human Life)
If fatal He, who gave ſuch Miſchiefs Birth,
Himſelf had prov'd Abortive to the Earth!

No ghaſtly Monuments had then appear'd,
Which Pride engrav'd, and Bloody Hands have reer'd;
Whoſe fond Inſcriptions for Immortal Name,
Cities Extinct, and Ruin'd States Proclaim.
There Savage Wolves and Tygers wander o'er
Uncultivated Waſtes, whence Men were ſuch before;
Welt'ring in Slaughter, firſt to give 'em Riſe,
Divided next, then ſinking Monarchies,
Precarious Plans from ſtain'd Antiquities.
But Bleſt *BRITANNIA!* whoſe Propitious Stars
Shed Brighter Omens on thy Generous Wars:
Profuſely Val'rous Yearly Thou has fought,
And given to Others, what Thy Valour bought.
If Fate's Decree, to which alone it yields,
Summon'd Thy Sanguine Youth to Foreign Fields,
For meaſuring Juſtice with that Flaming Sword,
Which executes th' Almighty Sov'raign's Word;
(Such as preſerv'd fair *Eden*'s Sacred Mound,
When Guardian Cherubs did that Place ſurround)
Thy Vig'rous Youth reports *Herculian* Toils,
Enrich'd with Greater Fame than Foreign Spoils.
Yet how juſt Claim might They advance to both,
Slaves to Vile Avarice, and Imperial Sloth!
Th' Aſtoniſh'd *Maeſe*, and *wild Danubian Coaſt*,
Where other miſled Forces have been loſt,
Thy General's Conduct muſt for ever own,
Their vocal Reeds will ſpeak His laſt Renown;
Speak, whoſe Victorious Troops he did Command,
Poiſing the Scales of Empire in her Hand,
Whoſe floating Caſtles ſtorm Rebellious Towns,
And Flying Camps Retrieve Uſurped Crowns:
What Stratagems tranſported from afar,
Defeated *Tallard*, and the Rough *Bavar*,
Enough to open, and conclude a War.
Ramillia's Rout from Rage renew'd amain,
Diſcharg'd freſh Gore to tell the killing Pain;
Told vaſt Events of that Deciſive Blow,
Which ſav'd th' *European* World, and ſtab'd her Foe,
Struck by the Maſſy Spear of *Marlborough*.
Matchleſs the Glory, had but Due Retreat
Proclaim'd the Hero as Divinely Great.
But if ludibrious Fortune, to Confound
Elated Views * projects Him on the Ground;
From thence let none ill-gather'd Laurels bring,
Nor Earth pretend to Date a future K----

* *The D. of M. fell from his Horſe at this Battle.*

Thus

Thus when the *Norman William* ventur'd o're
Albion's High Gueſt, he ſtumbl'd on the Shore,
Down from his Face flow'd trickling Drops of Blood,
Which after, dear repay'd, ſwell'd to a Crimſon Flood.
Happier thoſe Conqueſts which repel the Foe,
Then teach bold Warriours themſelves to know.
Thrice Happy *Britain!* If when *W*-------s came,
A N N's Sterling Motto had ſecur'd thy Fame;
Still Happier had in after fighting Days,
'*Thy Champions ſtrove thy Glory firſt to raiſe:*
'*Had they not toil'd with anxious Care and Sweat*
'*To make themſelves, and not their Country Great;*
'*Had they not Law, and Right, and Juſtice Sold,*
'*And form'd their Judgments by inlightning Gold.*
VVhat Mock Revenge, Imaginary Fights,
Succeeded theſe? Or rather ſhameful Flights.
Audenard's revolting Vale, and timorous Hills,
And *Winnendale* Eccho's loud Trumpet fills,
VVhere Wonder-working *Webb*'s ſtrong Magic Charms,
Rais'd Fears more pow'rful than the Force of Arms.
Tall bullying Trees appear in Human Forms,
And Clouds condens'd look big with threat'ning Storms.
As in ſuperiour VVorlds fantaſtic VVar,
Thick black Battalions rang'd in gloomy Air,
Ride Grand along, and gazing Mortals ſcare.
Tremendous Noiſe is heard of various Kind,
New monſtrous Products of a guilty Mind;
Sagacious Dread deſcries each horrid Shape,
And ſcampring Troops puſh headlong to eſcape.
There *Franks*, like Birds before the *Eagle*, flew,
(So *Roman* Eagles chas'd the Flying *Jews*)
Fear gave 'em Flight, and ſent Purſuers too.
Prodigious Man! who there an Ambuſh lay,
Too late Recall'd t' enjoy the ſhining Day.
Mean while, the *Valiant Pair*, whom Wars delight,
(For ev'n their Names whole Armies turn'd to Flight)
Begirt that ſpecious Town each haughty *Gaul*
For Strength, and Pride, doth * leſs *Lutetia* call,
Pride, thou gay Herald of a future Fall.
Above the reſt th' aſpiring City ſtood,
Like ſome tall Oak, the Glory of a VVood,
Aloft her Sky-encountring Turrets riſe,
To view the Neighb'ring Lands, and to Deſpiſe.
Th' Ambitious Monarch hence by kenning Eye,
Arm'd with nice poliſht Glaſs us'd to deſcry,

* Lille call'd Petit Paris.

VVhat

VVhat ſpacious Tracts and moſt Commodious lay
T' augment wide Bounds of Arbitrary Sway.
So fair She was, yet Fatal to Devour
One Iv'ry Jaw of *Gallia*'s greedy Pow'r!
Confederate Chiefs with Noble Ardour view
Th' inſulting Walls, then Solemn Oaths renew,
This celebrated Pile with Great Renown,
Since equal Beauty, Power, and Plenty crown,
What rare *Italian* worſhip'd Marbles know,
What Proud *Aſſyria*'s inlaid Cedars ſhow;
What *Tyrian* Pomp, and Luxury Demand,
What Wealth refin'd from *Tagus* Golden Sand;
Since Rival'd *Albion*'s Goods lie here engroſs'd,
Our Liberty in Danger to be Loſt;
Let One bold Siege retrieve theſe Ravag'd Spoils,
Loſſes repair, and ſooth our Coſtly Broils:
Kind Heav'ns inſtructing Aid this Seat poſſeſt,
Shall Rights Reſtor'd, and Grievances Redreſt,
Divide the Lands, and give the Nations Reſt.
O *Lille*! a faithful Barrier here remain,
To finiſh Conqueſts, which the Allies gain.
Thick as the ſtanding Corn which gilds the Fields,
Long Lances now, Swords, Spears, and Burniſh'd Shields,
Preluding Luſtre, unwiſh'd Light diſcloſe,
Like Torches uſhering in impending Woes.
Two Armies here incircled on the Plain,
Beſiegers ſaw themſelves Beſieg'd again;
The *Gallic Hoſt* drawn out in Bright Array,
Look'd keenly on, while t'other ſeiz'd the Prey.
As when the Tim'rous Doe has dropt her Fawn
In ſome thick Buſhes on the loneſome Lawn;
If near her Young a prowling Wolf appears,
Quiv'ring ſhe ſtands with Sympathetic Fears;
Around he ſcours, and licks his rabid Jaws,
Then ruſhes in and rends it with his Claws;
Its tender Dam receives the Painful Cry,
Loth to depart, yet ſtill more loth to die:
Intimidated Foes thus trembling ſtand,
Whom mutual Tides of Fear and Love Command,
Whom Shame, Chagrin, and tort'ring Envy galls,
To ſee Brave *Britains* ſcale *Lutetia*'s Walls.
Each in his Heart ſome gen'rous Fury feels,
Yet truſts not to his Heart, but to his H----ls.

In

In vain the Royal Offspring ſent to ſearch
Fate's dark Decrees, aſcend that lofty * Church,
Where *Rome*'s wiſe Oracle moſt meekly ſought,
Return'd rude Anſwer by loud Cannon-Shot;
Her wiſer Sons precipitating down,
Suſpect the Church's Fate, ſuſpect their own;
As when fond Men deluding Spirits lead,
To deal with Wizards and conſult the Dead;
Recoiling Nature ſtarts, thick Tempeſts riſe,
They read their Folly in the Frowning Skies;
Diſploded Air then mixt with Livid Flame,
Does certain Miſchief to the World proclaim;
Mountains, Woods, Houſes ſhock with diſmal Waſte,
Tumultuous Heaps the raging Waters caſt;
Outcries of Seamen melting Hearts divide,
As when brave *Beaumont*, or fam'd *Shovel* dy'd;
As th' *Eaſtern Sorcerer* call'd, and call'd again,
To curſe th' *Elected Tribes* in *Moab*'s Plain,
Pronounc'd his Arts of Divination vain:
The Conſcious Temple ſhook, and *Papal Gods*
Confeſs'd a fruitleſs, tho' ſo numerous Odds,
Right Noble Princes, pierc'd with Pannic Fear,
Feelingly ſwore to no Salvation there.

Tranſfix'd with dread portending Omens drew
Back to their Sov'raign Sire, with eager Haſte they flew;
Bellona ſtill purſu'd; whoſe Panting Thirſt
Pronounc'd *Pariſian* Seats themſelves accurſt.
Not *Mons*, where Seas of Blood o'erflow'd the Plain,
Not *Tournay*, *Doway*, nor the nois'd *Bouchain*,
Cou'd obviate near Deſtruction's ſweeping Train;
Not ſlaughter'd Bullocks, learned Prieſts adviſ'd,
Not Tears, nor Pray'rs, not Princes Sacrific'd.
Ah! Fair *Lutetia*, who thy Woes can tell,
When Three ſucceſſive *Minor Monarchs* fell?
Looſe flow'd thy Hair, and with diſtracted Feet,
Thou ſpurn'd'ſt the Sacred Relicks thro' the Street;
While deep thou mourn'd'ſt at vaſt Expenſive Rate,
Black Grief rod there Triumphantly in State,
Yet blacker ſtill was thy approaching Fate.

When fainting Hearts of mighty Warriours fail'd,
When howling Fears and Agonies prevail'd
In ev'ry trembling Breaſt; when vain the Cries,
Which court the Cauſe inſtead of Remedies:
From deafer Fames they *ANNA*'s Altar try,
ANNA, Meek *Mercy Seat*, beneath the Sky.

* *Church near Lille, where the young Princes and Chamillard aſcended to view the Army.*

For Her they richeſt Gifts, and Off'rings took,
Withdrawn from Shrines of *Idol-Gods* forſook,
Then choſen Prudent *Peers* the *Princeſs* thus beſpoke.
'*Great Queen!* Europa's *Friend, ſo juſtly Dear!*
'*Whom Subjects Love, and Enemies Revere,*
'*Majeſtic* Atlas *of the Imperial Throne,*
'*Whoſe pleaſing Smile obtain'd, or threat'ning Frown,*
'*Creates high Potentates, or pulls them down;*
'*The* Gallic *Monarch, worn with Age, and Cares,*
'*And willing to compoſe Deſtructive Wars,*
'*Bereſt of Children, ſeeks more ſoft Repoſe,*
'*For ſwift declining Years; Abſolves his Foes,*
'*And claims Your Royal Aid by like Releaſe,*
'*To ſpend His ſhort Remains of Life in Peace.*
'*Your gen'rous Pity ſaves the ſinking State,*
'*Adjuſting Pow'rs too Little, or too Great;*
'*Depreſſing Ours You'll raiſe the Adverſe Pole,*
'*And thwart the Maxims of Your Righteous Soul,*
'*Which firſt engag'd Oppreſſours to reſtrain,*
'*And wide* Europa's *Freedom to maintain.*
'*All round the Globe Your Glorious Triumphs ring,*
'*And oh! may We a Grateful Meſſage bring.*
So vaſt *Leviathans*, which us'd to reign
In lawleſs Empire o're th' Unfathom'd Main,
Toſſing Proud Billows from their Watry Court,
And making Heav'n, as well as Seas, their Sport,
Prick'd by ſome Herpooneer's well-guided Dart,
Flounce back and wallow to evade the Smart;
But vainly ſtriving, ſwell the growing Flood,
And ſicken by Degrees in Streams of Blood,
Where oft they revel'd in Delights before,
Reſign their Mountain Bulk, and make the quiet Shore.
The *Pious Princeſs* mildly thus addreſt,
Feels ſoft Pacific Fire glow in Her Breaſt,
Nor ſooner hears but grants the King's Requeſt.
She, whoſe important Care and grand Intent,
Severely watch'd, on Publick Safety bent,
(How free from partial Views, and Thirſt of Blood!)
Diſcreetly Val'rous, and Divinely Good,
Receiv'd Peace Off'rings with a Godlike Mind,
Then Bleſs'd the Hoſtile *Gauls*, who firſt to Peace inclin'd.
For when High Heav'n its Mighty Pow'r exerts,
Leopards to Lambs, and Wolves to Kids converts,
Mankind, who milder Dictates diſobey,
Commence worſe Wolves and Ravagers than they.

Now

Now *Gallia*'s Lillies, and the *Britiſh* Roſe,
Fair Beauties mixt with ſweet Perfumes diſcloſe;
Exulting Nature ev'ry Scene diſplays,
To wellcome ſmoother Joys in *Halcyon* Days;
New budding Spring, whilſt fragrant Flow'rs ſhe ſtrows,
Symptoms of inexhauſted Plenty ſhows;
And to remind Men of the Golden Age,
Bright *Æquinox* ſets out her cheering Stage.
With grateful Accents charm'd, each Rural Swain
Huzzah's a *Peace* to enjoy that Sound again,
Whilſt Ecchoing Hills provoke the *Silvan* Song,
And ſmiling Streams dance gentler Airs along;
Since *A N N A*'s preſiding Care thus ſav'd the Folds,
And chas'd back Lions to their Foreſt Holds,
Whil'ſt ev'ry Flock ſupinely lies at Eaſe,
Her Shepherds ſing, and celebrate the *Peace*.
Nor we with Malecontents, (if ſuch remain)
Poſtpone a *Dunkirk* to Domeſtic Gain;
If palm'd Diſguiſe appear'd, if ſham Grimace,
If fatal *Mars* affected ſmoother Face,
Colluſive Arts, or Treach'rous Shows amus'd,
If ſpecious Off'ring what's ſtill moſt refus'd:
The VVatchman's Care, and Preſcience is Divine,
They'd ſoon detect and ſtrip that VVolf-Deſign,
Their loudeſt Accents wou'd ſuch Clamours join;
Nor Threats nor Promiſes ſhou'd then aſſwage
Poetic Ardours kindled into Rage.
But if feign'd Shrieks alarm, the laſt Pretence
Of baffled *S*-------*n* hawking after Pence,
VVho colouring Miſchiefs o're with *Albion*'s Good,
By ſecret Stabs exhauſt her Vital Blood.
If erring Zeal from vain Ambition bred,
By Grumbling, and Remorſeleſs Envy fed,
Drew threat'ning Clouds o're fair *BRITANNIA*'s Head.
(Yet check'd no more th' Auſpicious Work begun
Than Miſts ſtop Motion of the Riſing Sun.)
Whilſt ſuch on barren Hills and harder Rocks
Reſide, (commodious Hills for Weather-Cocks,)
Or whilſt Shame's Sevenfold Sable Veil is brought,
To ſhrowd dejected Looks thro' diſmal Thought;
Whilſt Conſcious they retire from Town, and Court,
To Shades in Melancholly Gloom reſort,
Acting ſound Penance, worthy of Belief,
And ſpend their Days in Salutary Grief,
Let others, who have ſhar'd deep Wounds and Toil,
Share, and Oh! long poſſeſs the Richer Soil.

And You, *Imperial Queen*, whose Name and Might
Afford us equal Safety and Delight,
More signal Trophies cou'd You wish to raise?
Ev'n these Surmount all Tributary Praise;
Whilst *War* and *Peace* applaud: Since both agree,
Contending only which shou'd foremost be,
Silence in us is plain Stupidity.
So weary Mariners, when Wreck'd and Tost,
Arriv'd at some kind Hospitable Coast,
Delight to tell their tedious Labours done,
Pleas'd with rough Dangers which they've undergone;
Eluded Storms new Relishes create,
For dear-bought Joys now Sweeter to relate;
Transported there with After-views they stand,
Admiring Waves which drove 'em safe to Land.
Compose those anxious Thoughts, and sooth your Cares,
Lab'ring our *Peace*, Yours, Yours have been the *Wars*,
With ext'rous Foes, and worse intestine Jars.
When curs'd *Resistance* reer'd her hissing Head,
And thus some Miscreants thought, and thus profanely said:
Despotic *Kings* or *Queens* shall bear no Sway,
Subjects absolv'd need no Allegiance pay,
Rebellion rather they may justly raise,
Rebellion's Merit, and that Crime a Praise;
Declining Thunders of an Angry *Jove*
You heard, forgave, and charm'd 'em down by Love.
You, who th' Harmonious Spheres have wisely strung,
And vagrant Orbs in wonted Circles hung,
Whose Animating Force, if Heav'n recall,
Proud States, and Empires into Nothing fall,
Who Faction's Pois'nous *Hydra*'s Imps destroy,
And virtuous Men in Highest Trusts imploy,
Who join'd *BRITANNIA*'s State and Church's Good,
(So Right her Posture has not always stood)
And stanch'd the gushing Streams of *Christian* Blood.
Th' *Eternal Word*, whose Mast'ring awful Voice,
Hush'd old contending *Chaos* jumbling Noise,
And bad new Worlds from dark Confusion rise:
That *Word*, which back'd by All-commanding Will,
Quells thus the Raging Ocean: *Peace*; be still;
Controuling Nations with his silent Nod
As well, as by his Wonder-working Rod,
And in a still small Voice confess'd the God:
Whose Ways, and Words, and Works are ever true,
That Mighty God speaks *Peace*, Great Queen, to You.

FINIS.